

*The Batgirl Who Laughed*



“AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! \*SNORT\*! CUT THAT OHOHOHOHOHOHOUT!”

Cassandra Cain, better known as Batgirl, had swooped in after getting a distress signal from Stephanie Brown. Finding her close friend in a warehouse tied to a metal pole with her shirt removed, she had gone over to try and free her as Stephanie tried to warn her. A crowbar and a few mallet whacks later, and it was lights out. She had groggily woken up with the clown prince of crime and his cheeky lackey looming over her. Upon seeing them, she surged forward angrily but couldn't move, having been restrained to a table with her wrists handcuffed, ropes wrapped around her waist and legs, and with her feet bared and restrained with a single belt, some wooden sticks, and two toe ties wrapped around her big toes. She angrily demanded they release Steph and her, in that order.

“Wowie! Looks like ya care about the blondie just as much as she cares about you!” Harley teased smugly.

“Relaaaax, quit growling already! Sheesh, you're like the Bat in that regard! All scowls and no sense of humor! Only unlike Batman I've got just the joke to crack your funny bone! It's a real tear-jerker!” the Joker smirked, removing Cass's mask with a swift movement. Cass had gasped in shock at this, then glared angrily at the Joker and promised him she'd knock out a few teeth as he placed the mask on the same mannequin he had placed her belt around. She was so focused on the Joker that she let out a surprised yelp when she felt a crawling sensation on her feet, and turned to find Harley scribbling her fingers up and down her feet.

“Looks like ya tootsies and ya footsies are pretty sensitive huh?” Harley snickered.

“Let's see how long she lasts. Who knows, we might wind up with something hilarious to send to the nearest news station!” the Joker smirked, removing a tarp to reveal a camera on a tripod and clicking the record button.

Cass had clenched her jaw and fists tightly, thinking this was just a bad joke. That either Harley would get bored of tickling her or the Joker would get bored of watching and filming her, and then this would all be over. But after five minutes, Harley was still at it and the Joker was still grinning ear-to-ear, the two of them looking like they were having the time of their life. When eight minutes passed, a steady stream of barely restrained snickers came out of Cass's lips. And when ten minutes had passed, she finally burst into full-on laughter.

Harley cooed while scribbling her fingers up and down Cass's soles, teasing her about how soft they were, how cute they were, and how much fun they were to tickle. All of this added to Cass's annoyance, her feet trembling against the toe ties as she tried her hardest to fight against the restraints. And when she realized that was impossible, she tried to just save her energy and resist this crazy clown's mischief, thinking Harley's fingers would get tired long before she did. But that never happened. Harley seemed to have energy and corny one-liners to spare. And she seemed to *really* love Cass's feet because she even licked and smooched them! The lipstick marks on Cass's feet marked them as Harley's property, and whether she went for long, sensual licks up the length of Cass's feet or suddenly flicked her tongue about rapidly over her toes while making silly faces, Cass found it more unbearable than the finger tickles. In fact, it was the licks that had gotten her to start snorting. At some point the Joker had sprayed a mocking smiley face on her mask, but Cass couldn't remember when thanks to the licking. The damn licking! It tickled so much!

“Aww does the little piggy get all snorty when I lick her little piggies~? Coochie coochie coooo!” Harley teased, her rather dexterous tongue slipping in and out of the gaps between

Cass's toes and occasionally going for slow, painfully slow licks round and round the pads of each trembling digit.

"\*SNORT\*! THIS ISN'T FUNNAHAHAHAHAHAHAY!" Cass shouted, glaring angrily at Harley through teary eyes.

"On the contrary, I think it's my funniest joke yet! And having an audience member here to witness it makes this even better!" the Joker smirked, heading over to Steph and trailing a single finger down her tummy.

"Mmmph! L-Lehet her gohoho!" Steph frowned, squirming away from that touch.

"You've said that over and over for the past half-hour. It's really quite cliché you know?" the Joker pouted. As Steph was about to speak up, the Joker pressed a finger against her lips to shut her up while wiggling her fingers against her tummy. "I had a feeling you were the more ticklish one of the two of you, and had I gone for you instead you'd have probably squealed by now. But that would've been so boring! It's much more exciting to make the tough one crack a smile and make her friend get all worried and squirmy! Kind of like the squirming you're doing now. GYAAAA-HAHAHAHAHAHA!" the Joker laughed, keeping this up for a few more seconds before stopping.

"But I would still like to know where the mayor is holed up at. Batman knows, and I *know* you were partnering up with him the other night. Would you care to fill me in on your secret?" the Joker smirked.

"I...I'm not talking!" Steph frowned. She was worried for Cass, but she couldn't let the Joker find out where the mayor was. And judging by the gaze Cass gave her, she was still going strong.

"Well then, it looks like you leave me no choice but to drive her mad with laughter." the Joker smirked, heading out of the room and returning with two large, metal canisters of gas. Laughing gas. Attaching a rubber hose to one of the canisters and placing them both on the wall, he attached the other end to the mask and pressed it against Cass's face, then cranked the knob.

"\*SNORT\*HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA\*SNORT\*NEEHEEHOOHHAHAHAHA\*SNORT\*!"

"Oooh she seems to really like that! Now she's snorting louder than a barn house!" Harley clapped excitedly, tickling and lickling Cass's feet with renewed vigor.

With the addition of laughing gas, Cass couldn't stop laughing for even a second, especially since Harley wouldn't let up. And the Joker would press the mask against her face again and again, forcing her to inhale more and more laughing gas. As Harley suckled on her big toes while tickling her arches with swift, abrupt claw-like motions, Cass felt the room begin to blur. At first she thought either the tickling or the gas was about to make her pass out, laughing at the thought of these two crazies having their fun spoiled. But then the shadows on the walls seemed to stretch in weird patterns, the faces of her captors grew distorted, and *something* kept flashing out of the corner of her eye. She realized belatedly that the laughing gas must've been mixed with trace amounts of Joker venom. The room quickly grew hazy, shimmering purple and green colors dotting every inch of her vision as the faces of her captors alternated between looking normal and looking distorted. At one point she even felt like she was floating in midair and looking inward tortured, laughing form. Eventually Joker and Harley disappeared completely from view, and she saw visions of Steph restrained to a table suspended at a 45-

